

Powers
an-Journal-Examiner



Groucho the Monk.

KIND HUSBAND!
LOVING FATHER!
THAT'S WHAT
THEY ALWAYS
SAY!

JOHN SMITH
A KIND
HUSBAND
AND A
LOVING
FATHER

I BET THAT FELLOW
USED TO BEAT
HIS WIFE!

JOHN SMITH
A KIND
HUSBAND
AND A
LOVING
FATHER

AND NOW THEY SAY,
"KIND HUSBAND,"
"LOVING FATHER!"
FIDDLESTICKS!

JOHN SMITH
A KIND
HUSBAND
AND A
LOVING
FATHER

TALK ABOUT
YOUR HYPOCRITES!

JOHN SMITH
A KIND
HUSBAND
AND A
LOVING
FATHER

HERE'S THIS
FELLOW, SMITH—

JOHN SMITH
A KIND
HUSBAND
AND A
LOVING
FATHER

HEY, BO—GOT A
CIGARETTE?

JOHN SMITH
A KIND
HUSBAND
AND A
LOVING
FATHER

PLEASE,
MR. GHOST—
I WAS ONLY
FOOLING!!

JOHN SMITH
A KIND
HUSBAND
AND A
LOVING
FATHER

The Skipper's Fate

By WEX JONES.

WITHOUT a start, this yarn of the heart
Was spun by the bosun's mate;
And, false or sincere, he shed a tear
O'er the captain's mournful fate.

Since I was a skipper there was never
no skipper
(Says he) of the hundreds I know
Like Captain Skinks, whose heart, I
think,
Was soft as a piece of dough.
He'd get mushy as pie at the flash of
an eye—
Though you couldn't have called him
a flirt—
But somehow the cap could be steered
like a yep.

By anything rigged in a skirt,
Now the poor fellow's wife was the fear
of his life—
His skipper instead of his mate—
And thus great was his glee when we
put out to sea,
Unconscious of what was in wait.
We had sinkers and butter consigned to
Caleutter,
And was only a day from the beach.
When we saw in the foam a gal with
a comb.

And—oh, she was simply a peach!
She had long golden hair and an inner-
cent stare,
And for skirts she was wearing a tail,
And soft-hearted Skinks he mutters "By
Jinks!"

And kangaroos over the rail.
By a gen-to-one chance we gets hold of
his pail.

And waves him back onto the deck,
Where he spluttered and stid and mut-
tered "You kid!"

Till the mate picks him up by the neck,
When at last we gets home, that dive in
the foam
Is, of course, tipped off to his wife,
And she handles him rough till he hollers
enough.

And barely escapes with his life.
And on his next trip, who sails with the
ship?

Mrs. Skinks, as sure as you're born—
And the forecastle laughs and the officers
chaffs,
As he paced on the poop, he'd shrivel and
droop.

Till he looked like a second-hand tailor;
He let cargo and ship and voyage go rip,
And forgot how to cuss like a sailor.
But on hearing the land he at last took
a hand.

To give the first mate a relief—
So he said—but what luck! in two min-
utes we struck,
And found ourselves fast on a reef!

Then the bosun's mate said, "Perhaps it
was fate,
Or maybe 'twas plain sui-cide,
But Skinks lost his life and thus weath-
ered his wife,
While the rest of us dove overside."

Ypsilanti.
(Argonaut.)

The story of the naming of Ypsilanti,
Michigan, dates back to the time of the
Greek Revolution. Some feeling arose
over a name for the town and a meeting
was held at which the admirers of Gen-
eral Demetrius Ypsilanti, the Greek gen-
eral who was important as a leader for
the people, won, and the Greek name
was given to the city.

Never Again! By T. E. Powers.

MY BOY THERE IS NOTHING
TO IT. THE AUTO IS THE THING
WHY. IT COSTS A FORTUNE TO
KEEP A HORSE—OATS A DOLLAR
SEVENTY A BAG—
GREAT SCOTT!

LOOK OUT

COME ON WITH
US

I WASN'T
GOING
FASTER
THAN A
WALK

MAKE HIM
ARRESTED, IT
WAS HIM!

HOLD HIM
TIGHT, SI!

I FINE YOU \$10000 FOR INJURING THE MAN
\$500 FOR USING VIOLENT LANGUAGE
\$500 FOR RESISTING AN OFFICER
\$500 FOR OBSTRUCTING THE ROAD WAY
AND \$1000 FOR SHERIFF FEES
(SHERIFF LET ME SEE YOU AFTER COURT)

MAKE HIM A
JAIL SENTENCE
JUDGE

COURT
STAMFORD

HELLO BILL WHERE IS
THE MACHINE?

NEVER
AGAIN



If It Weren't for Father

YES, I SHOULD SO LOVE TO SEE CONEY ISLAND.
I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IT.

VULGAR PLACE, BUT ONE CANNOT AVOID COM-
ING IN CONTACT WITH THE GREAT UNWASHED AT IT.
LADY FINGERS. 'B'GUM—WHAT'S
TH' MATTER WITH ME TAKIN'
TH' WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU
DOWN MY AUTO.

LET'S SHUTE TH' SHUTES

S'SH JOHN! DONT
ACT LIKE A BOY.
THE VERY IDEA OF
YOU MAKING SUCH
A SUGGESTION.

POPPER!

SIR!

JOHN!
WILL
YOU
BEHAVE?

THE TICKLER

HAW! HAW! B'GEE—AIN'T
THAT FUNNY, COME ON
LADY FINGERS YOU AN'
ME DO TH'
TICKLER, MAGGIE DON'T
SEEM TO
ENJOY SUCH
STUNTS.

GOSHAMIGHTY! TALK ABOUT A
BUNCH OF KILLTOYS. CANT DO A THING
BUT MAGGIE'S SCANDLIZED AN'
LADY FINGERS TOO GIVES ME A CRICK
IN M'NECK. POOH-POOH FOR THAT
BUNCH. I'LL GO
OFF FOR A LITTLE
TRIP ON ME
OWN HOOK.

WONDER WHAT HAS BECOME OF JOHN?
WHAT ARE THEY LAUGHING SO FOR OVER
THERE. LET'S GO
OVER.

IT'S WIGGINS
THE SOAPMAN.

JOHN WIGGINS! REALLY MR. WIGGINS
DO MY EYES
DECEIVE ME?

ASTONISHES ME
EXCEEDINGLY.

And Not Only That

WHEN YOU HOOK A FISH THAT
PULLS YOU OVERBOARD

AND YOU LOSE YOUR TACKLE

WHY DOES THE FISH BREAK
AWAY WHEN YOU HAVE HIM
ALMOST LANDED

AND
NOT
ONLY
THAT,
BUT—

WHY DO YOUR FRIENDS
DOUBT YOUR STORY?

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

WHEN I calm hoam Strike a Woman. This is how it goes,
Pa sed:
I.
In a quiet New England village when
the lights was burning low,
A woman sat a-waiting for the man
she worshiped so.
He was her darling husband, the hand-
somest of men,
& he had sed that he wud cum at
promptly half past ten.
Jest then he knocked upon the door
& came into the place
& his deer wife was greeted with a
love tap on the face.
She seazed a mission rocker & she
copped him on the head,
& as he took the count of ten (10)
these few sad words she sed:
CHORUS.
How dare you strike a woman, you
loafing cowardly crook?
Hevings, is this the person whose naim
I laity took.
I see you stretched upon the floor &
hope you won't git up.
For a man that strikes a woman, sir,
wud best a helpless pup.
That is a fine song sed Ma. It served
him right too. I am vary keen for
that song. Ma sed. It is the first
flash of genun with you have dis-
played for sum time. In fact, Ma sed,
I have grate hoaps for you after all.
Who knows that your name will not
shine on the pages of history. The
sentiment of this song, with you have
rote is vary sweet, Ma sed, especially
the part ware the husband is left
lying on the floor.

There's a Reason

